

**Coming Your Way Sunday, Nov. 18<sup>th</sup>**

# **JOHNNY REB**

**AND BILLY YANK**

*A Brand New and Exciting FULL PAGE Color Comic*



Johnny Reb

YOU'LL relive all the thrills of the most crucial time in America's history through the eyes of two young fighting patriots, JOHNNY REB and BILLY YANK.

Never before has the Civil War been recounted to the American people in such an exciting and understandable, yet authentic manner. You'll see artist Frank Giacoia present history, "true to life" in its most memorable form, as all the battles, intrigue and history shaping events of this perilous time unfold before you.

JOHNNY REB and BILLY YANK is a MUST for young and old who like "high" adventure.



Billy Yank



# JOHNNY REB

## AND BILLY YANK

by  
FRANK  
GIACOIA



Aunt Sue almost went crazy when the guerrillas rode off with Kate. "Go after them, Johnny, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "Get her away from that scum!"

Stripper's Guide Scan



She had her best horse—a saddle horse—hidden in the canebrake. We saddled her up, and Aunt Sue gave me an old horse pistol. "It's Uncle Dave's Mexican war pistol," she said. "I've loaded it for you."



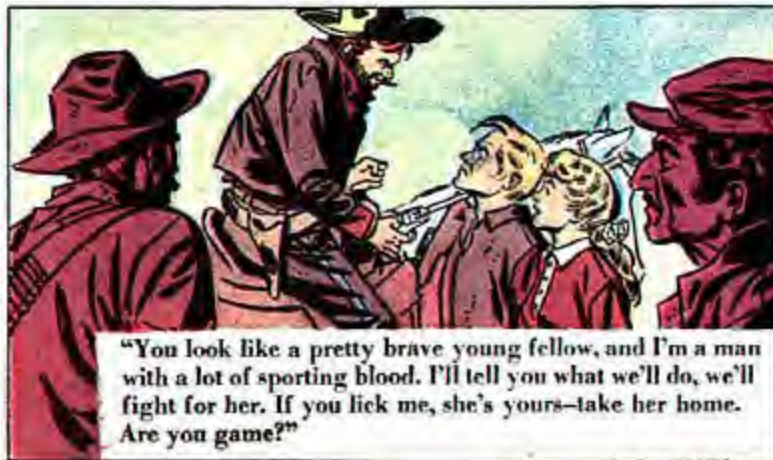
The guerrillas had a good start, and I rode after them all night. There was only one road they could have taken, and I followed it. At dawn I sighted them.



I had no plan except to figure that maybe Lafe was a coward. I came galloping down on him and pointed the gun right between his eyes. "Give me that girl," I said. He started to honey-talk me. "Why sure, son . . ." The next thing I knew his quirt wrapped around my wrist and my gun flew out of my hand.



"It looks like we've got two prizes now," Lafe laughed. "One girl and one hero!"



"You look like a pretty brave young fellow, and I'm a man with a lot of sporting blood. I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll fight for her. If you lick me, she's yours—take her home. Are you game?"



I said, "Let's get started." But Lafe said, "Sonny, this ain't just a regular country-style fight. I aim to fight you Kentucky free-style. Hey, Jake! Get a couple of bandannas and tie us together!"

Next Week: KENTUCKY FREE-STYLE





The whole gang made a circle and Jake came up to me and said, "Maybe you don't know the rules of Kentucky free-style fighting, boy. We tie you and Lafe together by the left wrists with these two bandannas tied end to end."



The circle of the gang pressed in on us, and then Jake hollered, "Go!" I was mighty scared and mighty careful. The guerrillas began to holler, "Slice him up good, Lafe! Make pork chops out of him!" Lafe lunged at me and scraped my ribs to the bone.



Then I heard Kate's voice hollering, "Don't be scared, Johnny! Cut him down to your size!" I know it sounds ungentlewomanly, but right then I wished that she was tied to Lafe instead of me.



He was big and strong, but he was clumsy.



He scraped my ribs again, but this time he was off balance. I drove my knife into him with all my strength. He just said "Ugh" and then sat down on the ground and began to blubber.



I was still tied to him, and I was kneeling next to him feeling at the end of my rope. I heard Jake say, with surprise, "The kid's licked Lafe!" And then I heard one of the gang holler, "Let's string the little rat up!"

Next Week: THE ANGRY MOB

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# JOHNNY REB

## AND BILLY YANK

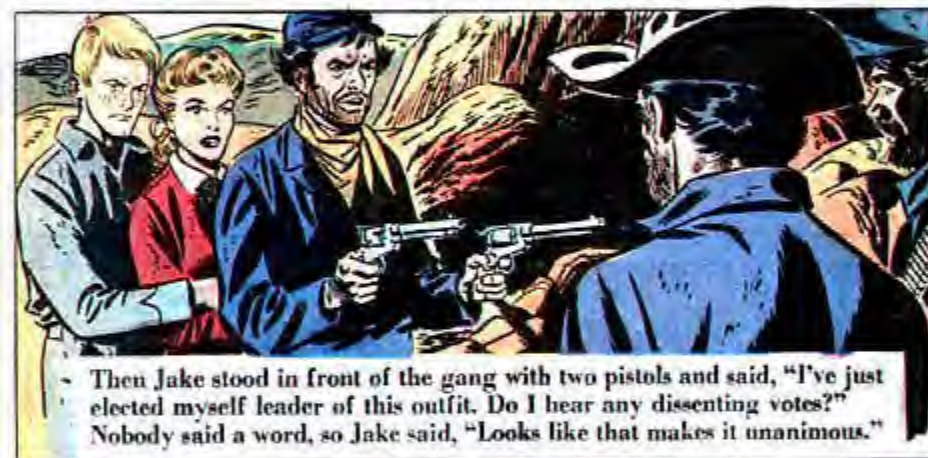
by  
FRANK  
GIACOIA



When they saw that I had licked Lafe, the gang began hollering, "String him up! Get a rope! Fix the little rat good!"



Kate threw her arms around me and said, "You licked him, but they're not going to keep their word! They're going to kill us, Johnny!"



Then Jake stood in front of the gang with two pistols and said, "I've just elected myself leader of this outfit. Do I hear any dissenting votes?" Nobody said a word, so Jake said, "Looks like that makes it unanimous."



"I think it's about time we had a little new leadership around here, son. Lafe there was over the hill, and I'm obliged to you for cutting him down."



"He put Kate and me on Aunt Sue's horse and turned us loose. "Skedaddle out of here before I change my mind," Jake hollered.



We rode home together, and it was a beautiful ride. Kate said, "Johnny, you're the bravest man I ever knew, and the handsomest!" I kind of agreed with her.



I said, "Kate, I think it's time that kissing cousins did a little kissing!" She agreed with me, and the rest of my leave was quiet and pleasant.

Next Week: COURT MARTIAL

7-21  
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# JOHNNY REB

AND BILLY YANK

FRANK CHAMBER

By Robert M. Lewis and  
Ernest R. Lewis  
The new series (1960) is  
the new edition of the  
George M. Lewis, Jr.  
series (1958) which  
has been revised.



HOLLERING "FOLLOW ME—AND PRAY!" LIEUTENANT AMES LED US AT A GALLOP RIGHT ACROSS THE LINE OF MARCH OF THE INFANTRY. AS WE BOKE THROUGH THEM I HEARD ONE OLD REB MUTTER, "BLASTED CAVALRY! CAN'T FIGHT THEMSELVES, BUT THEY GIT IN THE WAY OF THEM THAT DO!"



THE TROOP OF REB CAVALRY TO OUR REAR WAS RIGHT AFTER US. I HEARD WHOOPING AND HOLLERING AND IT SOUNDED FAMILIAR. IT WAS MY OLD ACQUAINTANCE, JOHNNY REB.



WHEN WE GOT TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD, AMES TELLED, "HOW RIGHT THROUGH 'EM AGAIN! WE'RE GOING BACK THE WAY WE CAME!"



BUT WHEN A WHOLE TROOP OF REB CAVALRY RODE THROUGH ITS OWN LINES AFTER US, THEY SHAKLED THEMSELVES UP. THEY WAS CURSING THE INFANTRY AND THE INFANTRY WAS CURSING THEM AND EVERYBODY SEEMED GENERALLY UNSATISFIED.



JOHNNY REB HAD HIS HANDS FULL WITH ONE OF HIS OWN MEN.



AS WE STREAKED THROUGH THEIR LINES AGAIN, BOOM! FOR HOME, I SAW JOHNNY REB AND HEARD HIM HOELER, "A REAR SNEAKY YANKS TRICK, SILENT BUT I'LL GIT YOU TELL!"



WE GOT THROUGH THEIR LINE OF MARCH AND KEPT RIGHT ON A-GOING. BY THE TIME THEY GOT OFF A FEW SHOTS AT US, WE WERE TOO FAR AWAY TO MAKE GOOD TARGETS. "HEY THE LEATHER, MEN," LIEUTENANT AMES SAID, "WE HAVE TO REPORT TO LITTLE MAC!"

NOVEMBER: THE NORTH MOVES

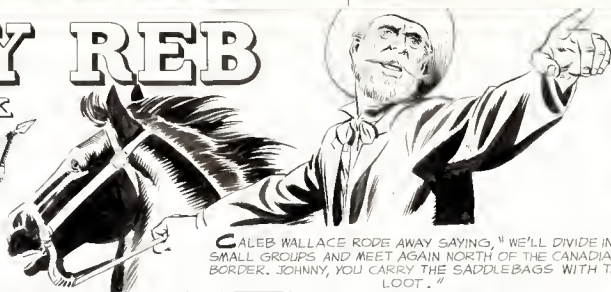
Look for it in the  
1960 New York Times



# JOHNNY REB

AND BILLY YANK

by  
FRANK  
GIACIOIA



CALEB WALLACE RODE AWAY SAYING, "WE'LL DIVIDE INTO SMALL GROUPS AND MEET AGAIN NORTH OF THE CANADIAN BORDER. JOHNNY, YOU CARRY THE SADDLEBAGS WITH THE LOOT."



PLATO HILTON AND ME AND JEFF STRAKE MADE ONE GROUP AND WE RODE HARD FOR THE BORDER. I TOLD HILTON, "I CAN'T WAIT TO HAND THIS MONEY OVER. IT BELONGS TO THE CONFEDERACY AND I WANT TO GET IT HOME SAFE!"



JEFF STRAKE CAME UP AND PATTED THE SADDLEBAGS SAYING, "YEAH, YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL... CARRYING ALL THAT MONEY'S A BIG RESPONSIBILITY. YES, SIR!"



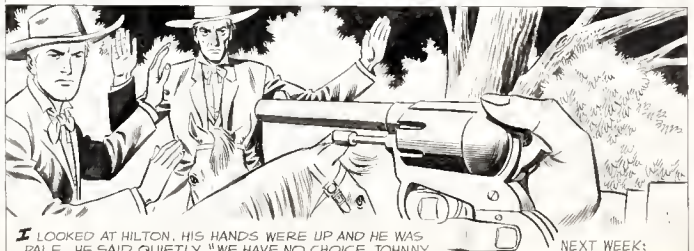
THE NEXT THING I KNEW HE HISSED, "ALL RIGHT, GENTS. THIS IS WHERE WE PART COMPANY!"



HE LOOKED AS MEAN AS A RATTLESNAKE.




"I'M HEADING WEST FROM HERE TO START A NEW LIFE, LIKE THEY SAY IN THE BOOKS. AND I'M STARTING MY NEW LIFE WELL-HEELED. HAND OVER THOSE SADDLEBAGS!"



I LOOKED AT HILTON. HIS HANDS WERE UP AND HE WAS PALE. HE SAID QUIETLY, "WE HAVE NO CHOICE, JOHNNY, THIS WARTHOG MEANS WHAT HE SAYS. GIVE THE FILTHY TRAITOR THE MONEY."

NEXT WEEK:

 **YANKEE CAVALRY**